

# The Flyleaf

Friends of Fondren Library

Vol. 53, No. 1

Winter 2003

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*The Library, Chatsworth House*

Friends of Fondren Trip  
June 17–28, 2002

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# A Letter to the Friends

Dear Friends,

I am very pleased to be serving as the president of the Friends of Fondren this year and would like to take the opportunity to welcome new members of the board: Elisa Donovan, Lee Duggan, Elizabeth Gillis, Margaret Jordan, Harriet Latimer, Bonnie Mayor, and Mary Ellen Wilson.

In October, the Friends kicked off the fall season with a fascinating and inspiring talk by Sylvia Nasar, author of *A Beautiful Mind*. This Distinguished Guest Lecture was ably chaired by Iris Ballew and drew a huge crowd to Alice Pratt Brown Hall.

Last November, in preparation for the 2003 book sale, Alan Bath chaired our second biennial book drive. Car after car arrived at Star Motor Cars, dropping off hundreds of quality used books for our October 24-26 book sale this year. Collection of books will continue throughout the year and donations are accepted at the Friends' office or Star Motor Cars, 7000 Katy Road. Many thanks to Lee and Glenn Seureau for providing storage at their car dealership for this enormous quantity of books.

Two weeks after the book drive, we gathered again for the Homecoming Brunch where we honored David Elder for his many years of unstinting service to the Friends. Manifold thanks to Cathryn Rodd Selman for chairing this event.

This spring, on April 26, we will honor Susan and Raymond Brochstein at our gala at the Warwick Hotel. Over the years, Susan and Ray have been great benefactors of Rice and, with their recent gift of thirty-plus acres on South Main, on which the new Library Service Center will be constructed, they have provided a solution to library overcrowding and other space pressures at the university. This promises to be a memorable evening for all. The annual meeting on May 20 will round out the year's activities, none of which would be possible without the enthusiastic support of the entire Friends of Fondren board.

Sincerely,



Karen Hess Rogers,  
President

## Fondren Library

Founded under the charter of the university dated May 18, 1891, the library was established in 1913. Its present building was dedicated November 4, 1949, and rededicated in 1969 after a substantial addition, both made possible by gifts of Ella F. Fondren, her children, and the Fondren Foundation and Trust as a tribute to Walter William Fondren. The library celebrated its half-millionth volume in 1965 and its one-millionth volume on April 22, 1979.

## The Friends

The Friends of Fondren Library was founded in 1950 as an association of library supporters interested in increasing and making better known the resources of Fondren Library at Rice University. The Friends, through members' contributions and sponsorship of a program of memorials and honor gifts, secure gifts and bequests, and provide funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other materials that are needed to support teaching and research at the university.

## The Flyleaf

Founded October, 1950, *The Flyleaf* is published by the Friends of Fondren Library, MS - 245, Rice University, P.O. Box 1892, Houston, Texas 77251-1892. *The Flyleaf* is a record of the activities of the Friends, the Fondren Library, and the generosity of the library's supporters. *The Flyleaf* is published three times in each academic calendar year and is also available online at the Friends of Fondren web site at <http://ruf.rice.edu/~fofl/>.



# *The Flyleaf*

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# Sylvia Nasar

## 2002 Distinguished Guest Lecturer

BY IRIS LITTLE BALLEW, EVENT CHAIR

An audience of almost three hundred listened with rapt attention as author Sylvia Nasar (*A Beautiful Mind*) delivered the Friends of Fondren Library Distinguished Guest Lecture on a cloudy overcast Sunday afternoon in Stude Hall. Ms.

Nasar, the John S. and James L. Knight Professor of Journalism at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, was a reporter on the economics desk at the *New York Times*, when she discovered the most remarkable story of John Nash, who had just won the Nobel Prize in Economics. As she examined his resume, she realized that the work for which he was awarded the prize had been done three decades before, followed by a huge gap in mentions of any sort. She soon discovered that Mr. Nash had been in the throes of a struggle with paranoid schizophrenia, which had rendered him incapable of doing any meaningful work, but from which he had gradually but surely emerged. He is once again contributing to the work being done in mathematics at Princeton.

*A Beautiful Mind* is the biography of Mr. Nash, and was accomplished through numerous interviews with family and friends, but without the aid

of the subject. It is extremely rare for an individual to emerge from such a devastating illness after such a long time. Ms. Nasar was most compelling as she spoke of the need to de-stigmatize mental illness. She was asked what she believed

were the factors that contributed to his recovery. Her answer was threefold: that he was still recognized by his former colleagues who respected his earlier breakthroughs in mathematics (Game Theory, and the Nash Equilibrium); that he was sheltered and cared for; and that the love of his wife, Alicia, remained a constant. In fact, Ms. Nasar described her book as a love story. *A Beautiful Mind*, which won the 1998 National Book Critics Circle Award for Biography, is dedicated to Alicia Larde Nash.

Following the lecture a long line formed in the reception hall where the gracious Ms. Nasar not

only signed books but had individual visits with most of those waiting. She seemed to appreciate that so many people showed such enthusiasm for her subject. And it was a rare pleasure for many to meet the author of such a well-researched and moving biography.



Iris Ballew and Sylvia Nasar



Sylvia Nasar and fans

# We Have Moved!

On October 9, 2002, the Friends celebrated the opening of their new office space with a reception honoring Mike and Janet Kelley. The Kelleys had previously made a very generous contribution to the Rice: The Next Century Campaign and designated their gift to the Library for two purposes: a government documents area and a Friends of Fondren Suite. When space became available on the first floor of Fondren, the Friends board voted to renovate and name it The Kelley Suite. The official plaque will read:

The Kelley Suite  
Given in memory of  
Allie May Autry Kelley '25  
Ellen Elizardi Kelley '55  
Former Presidents of Friends of  
Fondren Library

By  
The Edward W. Kelley Family

The first floor office, located near the Reference Desk, provides new visibility and accessibility for the Friends. The contractor, with



*Janet and Mike Kelley*

the expertise of LouAnn Risseeuw, project manager for Rice Facilities and Engineering department, designed an efficient and attractive work area that is compatible with the elegance of Fondren's main floor.

Concurrently the Friends celebrated their grant of \$45,000 to the Fondren Electronic Resources Center (ERC) for the purchase of equipment to enhance the operation. Lisa Spiro, director of the Center, guided Friends through

the ERC and explained some of their innovative projects.

The Friends of Fondren Library board and membership are deeply grateful to Janet and Mike Kelley for their generosity and their long-time support of the Friends, Fondren Library and Rice University.



*Lisa Spiro and Karen Rogers*



*Charles Maynard and Georganna Barnes*



*Pam Smith, Chuck Henry, Elisa Donovan, Lee Duggan, John Cabaniss, John Ribble*



*Leslie Brewster*

# Friends of Fondren Honor David Elder at Annual FOFL/REA Homecoming Brunch

By CATHRYN RODD SELMAN, EVENT CHAIRMAN

The Friends of Fondren Library and The Rice Engineering Alumni Homecoming Brunch has always been a very popular and well-attended event. The 2002 brunch held last November 16 was no exception, as the Friends honored David S. Elder as the 2002 Recipient of the Friends of Fondren Library Award. The award is presented each year to an individual who has made a particularly enduring contribution to the library, and this year's selection of David Elder, one of the longest-serving board members in the history of the Friends, was applauded enthusiastically by a full crowd in the Kyle Morrow Room.

Karen Hess Rogers, president of the FOFL board, welcomed the attendees and first introduced Joe Ferguson '76, president of the Rice Engineering Alumni. Mr. Ferguson presented the 2002 Outstanding Young Engineering Alumnus Award to Eric C. Sachs '93 and then presented the 2002 Outstanding Engineering Alumnus Award to Richard C. Bost '76, '78.

President Rogers then made

the award presentation to David Elder. She highlighted Mr. Elder's many contributions to Fondren Library, including support of the library fund endowed by his parents, Dee Speed and James H. Elder, Jr., and the

In accepting his award, Mr. Elder remarked briefly on the many challenges facing libraries today and pointed out that the core identity of libraries seems to be changing. (He also drew a hearty laugh from his audience

when he matter-of-factly referred to Al Gore's invention of the internet.) More seriously, Mr. Elder noted that the long-standing assumption that a library's quality is determined primarily by the sheer quantity of its volumes should be re-evaluated as libraries respond to rapidly changing technological factors and user preferences and behavior.



David Elder

family's recent generous gift to fund a new Elder Periodicals Room. A native Houstonian, David holds a B.A. in economics from Rice (both his father and brother are Rice alums) and a J.D. from the University of Texas at Austin. David Elder's personal service to Friends of Fondren Library began in 1987 and spanned the next thirteen years as he served ably in numerous board capacities, including president.



Elizabeth Kidd and Marjorie Chapman



*Robert and Amy Taylor and Peggy and Karl Benson*



*Kay Dobelman and Bob Patten*



*Joe Reilly and Elaine Ilig Davis*



*Richard Bost, Joe Ferguson, Eric Sachs*



*Ed and Joan Whalen, Ray Watkin Strange, Nolan and Betty Barrick*



*Karen Rogers and Lee Duggan*

# Friends of Fondren Trip, June 17–28, 2002

By JOHN B. BOLES

The seven of us on Continental Flight #20 over the Atlantic on the night of June 17–18 were filled with anticipation as we journeyed to Manchester, England, there to be met, we understood, by Lady Jane Howard and quickly transported to our hotel in Baslow. We all looked forward to the rendezvous with our fellow travelers—most of whom had come to England a day or so earlier—and to fulfilling the exciting itinerary Lady Jane (Jinny) had arranged for us. As always on such flights, we were thrilled to see the emerald green landscape of Ireland in the bright morning sun, heralding that our destination was near. As our airplane circled east of Manchester, we saw not the landscape of a city but rather rolling hills and villages—not realizing that between the two industrial cities of Manchester on the west and Sheffield on the east lay England's first (1951) national park, Peak District National Park, a pristine region of undulating green, with miles of picturesque stone fences and grazing sheep seemingly everywhere. Our plane made a smooth landing, we gathered our luggage, and there was Jinny, smiling and waving and moving everyone along toward the bus. We met our driver, a young Welshman named Andrew Desmond with a wonderfully melodic voice, sunny personality, a

willing hand to shepherd our luggage from hotel to hotel, and extraordinary driving skills. We were to be constantly amazed at how he could get that big bus through those tiny country lanes and narrow-gated entrances to manor houses as well as through crowded city streets. Once aboard, and after about an hour's trip through the park, we approached the village of Baslow in Derbyshire—"There is no finer country in England than Derbyshire," Jane

Austen has written, and who could dispute her after that bus trip?

Jinny had booked us into the Cavendish Hotel, a beautiful country inn overlooking the historic Chatsworth Estate; there had been an inn on this location for so long that its exact origins were forgotten, but it became the property of the Duke of Devonshire about 1830 and had been recently renovated to its present glory. Looking out one's window at the ample views of pasture, cattle and sheep, and further in the distance remnants of the legendary Sherwood Forest was indeed an antidote to jet

lag. To quote Jane Austen again, who spent much time in this region, "to sit in the shade on a fine day and look upon verdure is the most perfect refreshment." Spirits were high that evening as we enjoyed seeing friends again, seasoned travelers reminisced about previous



*Anne and John Ribble on the bus*



*Chatsworth*



Friends' trips, and Jinny provided some introductory instructions (including, as always, tips about appropriate dress for the next day) and reminded us that our bus would leave tomorrow at 9:15 sharp. Veterans warned us rookie travelers that Jinny did not tolerate tardiness, so we went to bed determined not to earn a reproof.

We were all early birds that next morning, and we all made the bus, although the last person stepped aboard at the final second. After a quick trip—we later learned it was a half-hour walk from our hotel though a beautiful park that had been enhanced by Lancelot "Capability" Brown in the 1760s—we drove over a hill and there, across green pastures with sheep, a winding river, and an arched bridge of stone stood the magnificent Chatsworth, a perfect example of an Elizabethan Great House—called in one guide book "the grandest house in England." The initial house here had been begun in 1552 by "Bess of Hardwick" (about whom, more later) and her second husband, Sir William Cavendish (1505-57), but nothing of that structure still exists. The home was added to and renovated in the seventeenth and especially the eighteenth century, and the tour takes visitors through more than 30 of its 308 rooms. It is truly one of the treasure houses of England, with stunning painted

ceilings and walls, tapestries, gilt work, sculpture, paintings (including a magnificent Rembrandt), ceramics, and furniture. It is set amid hundreds of acres of exquisite park land, many of whose most beautiful features were planned by Head Gardener Joseph Paxton in

the second quarter of the nineteenth century. (Paxton later designed the Crystal Palace for the 1851 Exhibition.) Perhaps the highlight of the gardens is the cascade, built in 1696–1701, whose waters come flowing down twenty-four groups of steps over a distance of more than 200 yards. Our visit to Chatsworth began with a tour of the house and its artistic glories, followed after lunch with free time to roam about the gardens with their flowers, fountains, and breathtaking panoramas. But for most of us the highlight of our Chatsworth visit was the almost two hours before lunch spent with Nicholas Barker, C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire, presented for extraordinary accomplishment), "the greatest book expert in England," according to Jinny.

There had long been books at Chatsworth, but in 1815 the 6th Duke of Devonshire, the "Bach-

clor" Duke (1790–1858), a collector of all sorts of things and, in Nicholas Barker's words, "a bibliomaniac," had the 1st Duke's Long Gallery turned into a library, handsomely renovated



*The Cascade at Chatsworth*



*Sally and Norman Reynolds*

and outfitted with additional shelving in the 1830s by architect Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The Bachelor Duke went on a book-buying binge, purchasing two great collections of books and creating the corpus of the present collection of approximately 30,000 books, according to Peter Day, Keeper of the Collection. Four ranks of shelves held only books published before 1600! We sat on sofas and chairs around a central large ottoman as Barker showed and discussed the volumes he had selected for us to see (and handle). As Barker (who ironically had been in Austin viewing the Harry Ransom collection when the the sniper fired from the library tower) described in loving detail the items he had out for us,

Mary Bixby heard Jinny mutter under her breath to herself, "he is the most erudite man I've ever seen." We were impressed by him too, and we were—to use an American student expression—"blown away" by the exhibition. Here were:

- a 1462 edition of the Bible, the oldest dated edition of the Bible and the earliest printed book in the collection.
- a c.1490 Book of Hours illuminated manuscript, written in English on vellum, and prepared for Henry VII and presented to him by his daughter Margaret.
- *Discoverie of the large, rich, and bewtiful Empyre of Guiana* (1596) by Sir Walter Raleigh.
- Ptolemy's *Cosmographia* (1482), with the first printed maps in color.
- a first edition of Copernicus' great book, *De Revolutionibus Orbis* (1543), which showed that the sun was the center of our solar system.
- the world's first book of fairy tales (1781), printed for Mm. Royale, Louis XVII's daughter.

- *De Cive* (1647) by Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), who as private tutor to William Cavendish, later 2nd Earl of Devonshire, and then his son, lived and studied at Chatsworth for much of his life.
- *Pride and Prejudice*, first edition (1813), by Jane Austen, whose Pemberly in the novel is based on Chatsworth.

See <http://www.chatsworth-house.co.uk/>

Each of us had favorites, but the images of those books persisted over lunch, the afternoon in the gardens, the stop at the Chatsworth farm shop, and, for several of us, the walk back through the park to the Cavendish Hotel, and then dinners eaten at a variety of places in the village of Baslow.

How could this day be equaled in the remainder of our trip?

Thursday, June 20, started early, as we boarded Andrew's bus at 8:45 AM and set forth across the scenic Peak District National Park for Manchester. Our first stop was the Whitworth Art Gallery, founded by Jo-

seph Whitworth, an engineering genius who invented ways to produce machine tools to the accuracy of one-millionth of an inch. His fortune allowed the construction of a great building (begun in the 1890s, completed in 1908, and brilliantly remodeled in the late 1960s and early 1970s) and the purchase of an extensive collection of art. Located in what is now a culturally diverse section of the old manufacturing city of Manchester, it has a significant collection of Turner watercolors, a great collection of historic textiles (honoring Manchester's history as the world's early center of textile manufacturing and, in truth, the birthplace of the industrial revolution), and strong holdings in print, sculpture, and even wallpaper. Mr. Alastair



Alistair Smith at the Whitworth Art Gallery



## *Certain Faults Escaped*

*There is no garden so well trimmed, but hath some weeds; no silver so well tried, but hath some dross; no wine so well fined, but hath some leaze; no honey so well clarified, but hath some dregs; finally, no human action, but hath some defect: marvell not then (Good Readers) that in so huge a volume, consisting of so many leaves, lines, and letters, oftentimes varied both in form and matter, a fault or two do escape, were the correctors care never so great, his diligence never so earnest, his labour never so continuall, his eyes never so quick, his judgement never so sound, his memory never so firme; briefly, all his senses never so active and lively. Such faults therefore as are passed, being but few in number, if it please you in reading favourably to amend, according as they be here corrected; your selves shall be profited, & I satisfied.*

(For this book of over 1800 pages, printed two columns to the page, but six errors are listed at this point.)

*These are thought necessary to be noted; others (if any be) refer unto your own selves that shall take pains to peruse the whole booke advisedly.*

Taken from *The Common-places of Peter Martyr*, London: 1583, one of the books from the chained library given to St. James Church, Gorton in 1651, now at Chetham's Library, Manchester. Published to mark the visit of *The Friends of the Fendren Library* to Chetham's on the 20<sup>th</sup> June, 2002. Michael Powell, Librarian

Handset in Garamond types, and printed letterpress [www.inclinepress.com](http://www.inclinepress.com)

### *Printed at Chetham's for the Friends*

Smith, director, gave us a brief but informative introduction and presented us all with a handsome catalogue entitled *The Whitworth Art Gallery: The First Hundred Years*.

See <http://www.whitworth.man.ac.uk/>

After this quick visit, we bused to Chetham's Library, the oldest surviving public library in the English-speaking world, established in 1654 by the terms of the will of Humphrey Chetham (1580–1653), a wealthy Manchester textile merchant. The trustees of his estate bought the College House of Manchester, which had been built in 1421 to

house the wardens and fellows of Manchester Collegiate Church (now Manchester Cathedral), as a home for poor orphan boys, which Chetham's will also established, and to house the collection of books. (The former boys' home is now the nationally prominent Chetham's School of Music.) Chetham directed that only books of good quality should be acquired, although he excluded titles in drama, poetry, and music—so the trustees refused to buy Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. But my, what they did buy! We approached the actual library by walking through dark medieval cloisters, with the sounds of music practice in the background. We went up narrow stairs to the first floor, where the books are housed; the shelves and backless stools are there as they have been for three-and-a-half centuries. We entered the original ward room—now a seminar room—with its ceiling intact from the 1450s and plaster work from the 1650s. In an alcove we saw the desk used by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. In the middle of the room Dr. Michael Powell, Librarian of Chetham's, had laid out a selection of their treasures for us to look at and leaf through, and he provided information on each book in turn. In one corner was a por-

table library, with the books still chained to the cabinet, one of five Humphrey Chetham had had prepared to provide books for nearby churches. This was a fascinating artifact of a bygone age, but our attention was drawn to the books on the center table. Again we each had our favorites, but among



*Chained books at Chetham's Library*



*Mary Chapel Wing at Chetham's Library*

the highlights were:

- Isaac Newton's *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (1687), Ben Jonson's own copy and inscribed by him.
- *Nuremberg Chronicles* (1493), with fine woodcuts illustrating Bible stories and views of various European cities.
- *Prosper of Aquitaine, Opera* (1539), bound for Henry VIII in white doeskin tooled in gold with the fore edge decorated with the words "Rex in aeternum vive" (long live the king).
- a mid-15th-century collection of astrological writings, on vellum, with two complicated moveable diagrams called Volvele to aid in the calculation of the locations of the planets throughout the year.
- Robert Hooke's *Micrographia; or some physiological descriptions of minute bodies made by magnifying glasses* (1665).

- a huge late 14th-century medieval missal in English, opened to the marriage instructions for a bride, which elicited many laughs.

Members of our group with special interests, like Lew Eatherton, who collects early English books, and Dr. John Ribble, whose love is books on the history of medicine, found fascinating intellectual fare at Chetham's. Outside the seminar room, simply on top of one of the tables between two high rows of shelves, I found a large Bible, printed in Basel before 1480, containing numerous annotations written in by Guillaume Budé, one of the most famous French human-



*The John Rylands Library in Manchester*

ists and a correspondent of Erasmus and Thomas More. And this wasn't even one of the "treasures" set aside for us! See <http://www.chethams.org.uk/>

As we exited the library into the bright light of a blue-sky day, with the towers of Manchester Cathedral before us, it was hard to realize that this city had, a century ago, been blackened by industrial smoke—vividly depicted, we would see later, in the 1852 landscape watercolor, "Manchester from the cliff, Higher Broughton," by William Wyld, in the Jubilee Exhibition at the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace. But when, shortly after, we reached the massive Victorian Gothic building of the John Rylands Library, the soot-darkened exterior brought home what the nightmarish pollution in the age of coal must have been like. Yet dark though the building was, once inside it was obvious why this structure is often called the finest neo-Gothic building in Europe, with its main reading room designed as a cathedral

of learning, and indeed it certainly inspires a reverential attitude. Our hosts, Chris Hunt, librarian, and Dr. Stella Butler, head of special collections, welcomed us to lunch, and we marveled at an automatic coffee-and-tea machine that brewed the best coffee any of us had ever tasted from such a mechanism.

Mr. Hunt gave us a brief history of this, indisputably one of the great libraries of the world. John Rylands, an enormously wealthy Manchester textile magnate, had at the age of 74 married a young, Cuba-born and US-educated woman, Enriqueta Augustina Tennant, his 32-year old former secretary. Rylands died in 1888, leaving a fortune of £2,750,000; his widow Enriqueta Rylands determined that the most ap-

propriate memorial to him would be a great library, placed amid what was then an industrial area of Manchester. She commissioned architect Basil Champneys to design the building, effectively sparing no expenses, and the result was a magnificent structure, filled with carvings, stained glass, vaulted ceilings, even electric lights (the Rylands had its own generator). Then she went about buying books, and she did so in grand fashion: in 1892 she purchased for £210,000 the library of 43,000 volumes collected by George John, 2nd Earl Spencer, the finest private library in Europe. Then in 1901 Enriqueta—the champion woman book collector of all time—purchased for £155,000 the famous

Bibliotheca Lindesiana, a spectacular assemblage of western and oriental manuscripts put together by Alexander, Lord Lindsay, the 25th Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and his son James, the 26th Earl of Crawford. (The Fondren Tour 2000 included a visit to Balcarres where the

current Lord Lindsay showed the outstanding collection of books still owned by the family.) In 1900 the Champneys-designed building was completed and the John Rylands Library opened to the public; in 1972 it merged with the Manchester University Library and now forms part of the John Rylands University Library of Manchester, the third largest academic library in the United Kingdom. Friends of Rice also know that Rice's first president, Edgar Odell Lovett, visited the University of Manchester in 1908 when he was on his round-the-world trip seeking ideas about how to create from scratch a great university, and Manchester, a new institution—unlike Cambridge and Oxford much impressed Lovett.



*Chris Hunt, John Boles, and Stella Butler at the John Rylands Library*

After lunch Dr. Butler told us that, with all due respect to Chatsworth and Chetham's Library, the John Rylands was a different order of magnitude; we were instructed that we could take no photographs, must not take notes with ink pens, and could not touch any of the treasures laid out. If any were initially put off by these words, what we saw in the next hour or so fully justified Dr. Butler's pride.

- a 14th-century Flemish Book of Hours that once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, inscribed by her.
- an early 15th-century manuscript of Chaucer's *The Miller's Tale*.
- *A Form of Cuyre*, a 14th-century cookbook prepared by Richard II's cook.
- a 12th-century manuscript Spanish Haggadah, in Hebrew, which is an illustrated manual for celebration of the seder.
- a 1542 manuscript copy of a mid-10th-century *Chronicles of Persian Kings*.
- a copy of Blau's great atlas, published in Amsterdam in 1662, with wonderful maps of the Americas.
- a single-leaf form for indulgences printed by Gutenberg before he printed his *Bible*.
- Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Venice, 1471), whose purchase price of £2,260 in 1812 stunned the book-buying world and led to the formation of the Roxborough Club. Giovanni Boccaccio (1315–75) is generally regarded the first great writer of prose in a modern language.
- a fragment from *A Guide to the Perplexed*, written by Maimonides (1135–1204), in his own handwriting; this volume, an attempt to harmonize Judaism with the ideas of Aristotle, had great influence in the medieval world, even with such Christian thinkers as Thomas Aquinas.



Renishaw Hall

- the earliest-known manuscript fragment (125 A.D.) of the *New Testament*, a portion of the Gospel of St. John, 18: 31–33, written in Greek on papyrus, purchased in Egypt in 1920.

We moved about the Rylands to various small rooms where these volumes were displayed on tables; in one room, Dr. Butler explained, every book in it (about 4,000 volumes) was printed before 1501 (and hence was what is termed incunabula). In fact, three-quarters of the books were published before 1480.

See <http://rylibweb.man.ac.uk/>

It was an awed bunch who reboarded the bus back to Baslow, and most were in a kind of bibliographic reverie as we journeyed across the country, with occasional pleasant interruptions by Jinny as she sprinkled into the air bits of her own remarkable erudition about the towns, churches, thatched roofs, livestock (did you know that sheep with large black spots, almost like a Holstein cow, are called

Jacob's sheep?), and flowers that we passed. It was also amusing listening to Jinny and Andrew the driver discussing with great animation the English soccer team and the upcoming World Cup game with Brazil; we could see St. George's Cross flag, adopted by the team, on countless buildings as we drove along (and Andrew had put two at the front of our bus—soon he added a U.S. flag too).

Friday the 21st of June began with a leisurely bus departure (all England delayed starting the day until the sad conclusion of the World Cup game) for Renishaw Hall, about fifteen miles to the east past the curious leaning and twisted steeple of St. Mary's & All Saint's Church in Chesterfield, a 228-foot spire built in the mid-fourteenth century. Soon Andrew was

steering our bus up a long drive through green fields and forests, and suddenly before us stood Renishaw, which, with its roof-line fenestration and blocky design, seemed almost like a fortification. As the guide motioned our bus into the proper space, Lady Sitwell herself (Penelope to Jinny) came out to greet us. We toured the outbuilding, museums, shops, an art gallery featuring the meteorologically inspired paintings of John Piper, and visited the loos. Jinny with her long experience knew well that such a stop was always advised. Then we explored the beautiful gardens to the south of the great house. Although there had been gardens here for centuries, the present spectacular ones were largely the design of Sir George Sitwell, who created them over the half century spanning 1886 and 1936, and the current owner, Sir Reresby Sitwell, has continued and perfected that design. Flowers (the roses were at their peak), shrubs, terraces, fountains, and vistas were laid out in arresting fashion, with perhaps the major surprise being the National Collection of Yuccas (the cacti that grow naturally in Arizona, New Mexico, West Texas, and northern Mexico). They thrive in a greenhouse-type structure called a "yuccary," certainly a horticultural eccentricity in England, but the collection of thirty-odd species is botanically important.

After strolling about outside, we gathered in the entrance hall to begin a tour of this house, the first portion of which was built shortly before 1625. Sitwells have been in this general region since at least 1301, and shortly after 1540 Robert "Sytwell" bought the site of the present house. The most famous of the Sitwells were the

literary trio (children of Sir George Sitwell), Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell Sitwell, who as literary pioneers helped introduce not only modern literature but modern art to England. Although Renishaw is filled with wonderful furnishings, interestingly the two best paintings in this house of a family that once made a fortune selling nails and other manufactures to the American colonies are by John Singleton Copley and John Singer Sargent, American painters. But the highlight of the visit was our lunch, served in the impressive dining room completed in 1793, hosted by Sir Reresby and Lady Sitwell. Every so often

Sir Reresby would clap his hands to get our attention, say "children, children," and then commence to tell a funny story. Could we believe everything we saw and heard? Even a bow supposedly used by Robin Hood with an attestation to its authenticity? Sir Reresby, epitome of the country gentry, a raconteur and former High Sheriff of Derbyshire, reported that he



*Bill Pannill and Gus Schill at Renishaw*



*Lady Jane Howard, Lady Penelope Sitwell and Sir Reresby Sitwell*

had been to Houston, where he remembered being served the strongest martinis he had ever tasted. He sat at one end of the long table, Lady Sitwell at the other, and we feasted on a meal of "Chicken Meyer" served by a retinue of servants (We were given the recipe but none of us was sure about the final direction: "bake for one hour at gas no. 4." A Rice graduate student from England advises that Mark 4 = 180° Celcius, or about 350° Farenheit.). Meanwhile, Coco, one of the Sitwells' ancient Dachshunds, tottered from person to person, begging (and receiving) cookies and strawberries. No books here, but a treat all the same. See <http://www.sitwell.co.uk/>

We next traveled nine miles or so to a monumental Tudor Gothic house named Hardwick Hall, constructed between 1590 and 1597 by the aforementioned "Bess of Hardwick"—a true "Material Girl"—who had earlier built Chatsworth. Elizabeth was born into the minor gentry in 1527; at age 16 she married her cousin Robert Barlow. When he died several months later, their marriage unconsummated, she inherited a moderate income from his estate. Beautiful, energetic, with a good business mind and ambitious if not conniving, three years later, in 1547, she married Sir William Cavendish, and it was during the next ten years that Chatsworth was begun. When Cavendish died in 1557, she was left with six children but gained his large estate, including life interest in

Chatsworth. Two years later she married Sir William St. Loe, a wealthy favorite of Queen Elizabeth, but he died in 1565, leaving his immense fortune to Bess. With each marriage she was moving up in status and wealth, and she capped her rise in 1567 by marrying George Talbot, 6th Earl of Shrewsbury. It was during this marriage, when Lord Shrewsbury was given custody of

Mary, Queen of Scots, that that hounded lady spent time at Chatsworth. But within a few years the strong-willed Bess and Lord Shrewsbury quarreled and Bess moved out, buying her brother's property at Hardwick in 1583 and beginning to enlarge the existing house. When Lord Shrewsbury died in 1590, Bess gained most of his wealth. Now she could build the house of her dreams next to the still-incomplete older Hardwick Hall, and employing architect Robert Smythson, she undertook what is now known as new



*Hardwick Hall*

Hardwick Hall (the old hall was allowed to fall into ruins in the nineteenth century because such ruins were then thought romantic).

Bess built the house as an "in-your-face" statement that she had "made it." Her initials E and S stand forth in stone on the parapet of the house, and the huge number of windows—"Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall" became a widely known jingle—signaled her wealth in an age when glass was expensive. The house today does not contain much furniture or even works of art, but it is filled with an immense number



of extraordinary tapestries and rugs, as Dr. Nigel Wright of the National Trust showed us on our tour. The ground floor was essentially for servants, the second floor for family, and the third floor, with grand rooms, soaring ceilings, and absolutely stunning tapestries especially in the long gallery that stretches the length of the house, was intended to impress important guests. There are also many elaborate embroideries, but the tapestries are what linger in the mind. Bess had climbed to the top, and she wanted everyone to know and appreciate it: "the house is," Dr. Wright said, "like a feminist tract." She lived in this ostentatious house until her death in 1608, and the elaborate memorial to her in nearby Derby Cathedral, which she composed herself in Latin, ended with the confident statement that she was "expecting a glorious resurrection." Given how far she had already come, who could doubt it?

See <http://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/scripts>

The next morning we drove southeastwardly for about twenty-five miles, with Jinny providing information about the villages we passed, complete with the details of the genealogical relationships between the aristocratic families. Always her wording was careful, humorous ("rampaging rhododendrons," "Mussolini-brutal architecture"), and laced with Briticisms that in-

trigued us Americans. Before we knew it we had arrived at Newstead Abbey, the sometime home of Romantic badboy poet Lord Byron. First built as a monastic house in the twelfth century and dissolved—along with all the other monasteries—in 1539 by Henry VIII, the place was

bought by Sir John Byron of Colwick in 1540. By the terms of his purchase the actual church was demolished, but its front façade was left because it partially supported the rest of the structure. Subsequent members of the Byron family lived here, although the house decayed terribly during the residency of the 5<sup>th</sup> Lord Byron. The poet George Gordon, the 6<sup>th</sup> Lord Byron, inherited the home as a child but only lived here for several months in 1814; economic desperation forced him to sell it in 1817 to Thomas Wildman, who restored the house. So what we saw was largely the Victorian home of

Wildman, with a few Byronesque touches added, such as some of his books, portraits, and a handsome Byron coat of arms (dated 1536) above the mantel in the dining room. We then made a quick trip to the small town of Hucknall, where we saw the grave of Lord Byron at the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which suggests that God must be mighty forgiving indeed.

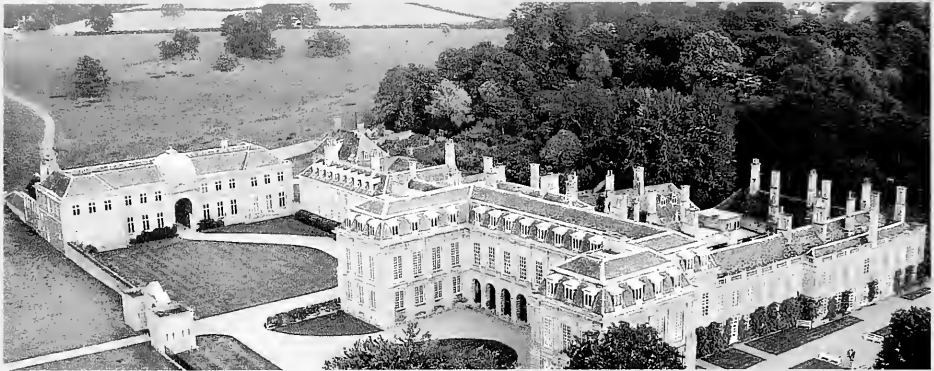
See <http://www.newsteadabbey.org.uk/>



*Nancy Boles, Margaret Jordan, John Boles, and Texas Anderson*



*The Group at the American Museum*



Boughton House—"The English Versailles"

Back on the road again, Andrew drove us approximately fifty miles further to the southeast, as Jinny provided background information on the house we were next to see and its family; we would find Boughton House to be, she said, "the English Versailles" because its great north front had been constructed by Ralph, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Montagu, who as onetime ambassador to Paris had come to favor French architecture. When we first glimpsed the house through the woods, the French connection was evident. Our bus unloaded us near the former stables, and within was a small restaurant—with tables neatly inserted in the stalls. Then we met our guide, Peter Rowney, who proceeded to give us a careful, scholarly, and lengthy tour of the great house, filled with simply astonishing artistic furnishings: plastered ceilings, skilled carvings, wonderful silver and porcelain, tapestries, and spectacular art. The drawing room alone contained forty (forty!) Van Dyck oil sketches. This is a house on the order of Chatsworth, dating from monastic origins in the fifteenth century, and it was last remodeled about 1700 (As our guide said, "The house went to sleep from then till the mid-nineteenth century."), so it stands as a remarkable monument to the taste, styles, and affluence of that age.

Our visit to Boughton House, now the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, concluded with a presentation of

its prize books, introduced by no other than Nicholas Barker, who had driven up from London for the occasion. We did not actually go to the library—not grand in size—but its grandest books were brought down to us. Again we were allowed to handle the volumes, admiring the typography, the illustrations, and the often beautiful tooled-leather bindings. Among the treasures were:

- John Harding's 1543 *Chronicle of England*, the earliest poetical chronicle of the nation.
- a bound folio of Ben Jonson's plays (c. 1640)
- Pierre Belon's beautiful *L'Histoire De La Nature DES OYSEAUX*, printed in Paris in 1555.
- *Reasons for Establishing the Colony of Georgia with Regard to the Trade of Great Britain* (London, 1733), published the year Georgia was founded (picked out especially for us Americans).
- A survey of Greek antiquities, published in 1762 by Society Dilettante, and according to Mr. Barker the grandest printed book in the collection with the earliest neo-classical binding extant.
- and the curiously titled *An Essay Upon Improving and Adding to the Strength of Great-Britain and Ireland, by Fornication, justifying the same from Scripture and Reason* (London, 1735), a spoof of Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal," (1729), wherein he pretended to urge that Irish babies be killed and eaten.

See <http://www.boughtonhouse.org.uk>

This had been a full day, but we had miles to go before we could sleep. So aboard we went southwestwardly, to Stratford-on-Avon (Avon means river in Welsh, Jinny said), the birthplace of Mr. Wm. Shakespeare. Jinny had made reservations at The Alveston Manor, just across the Clopton bridge over the River Avon in a old manor house that dates back to the sixteenth century (an earlier anchorite dwelling was on the site c. 960).

Sunday, June 23, began with an early departure for Bath, and enroute we were again entertained and informed by Jinny's commentary, including a passionate defense of fox hunting. The drive took us through the pristine Cotswolds, an enormously scenic area marked by buildings made of a yellowish-colored stone, rolling hills, miles of perfect stone fences, sheep everywhere, and one picture-perfect village after another. Bill Pannill expressed what we all felt when he remarked that the fields were so perfect they looked as though they were "mowed and edged every week." To give us another one of her "off-the-menu" mini-tours, Jinny directed Andrew to loop slightly south of Stow-on-the-Wold and drive past perhaps the most picturesque villages of all, Upper and Lower Slaughter (their incongruous names come from a corruption of the Saxon word meaning "place of sloe trees"). Then we continued to drive southwesterly, past the old Roman town of Cirencester (once second in size only to London), across a countryside as pretty as one could imagine, headed toward the old Roman resort town of Bath. But our destination there was not to be the famous Royal Crescent and other architectural delights but rather the American Museum in Britain at

Claverton Manor, which in addition to an impressive collection of American decorative arts (furniture, glass, paintings, quilts, etc.) houses the Dallas Pratt Map Collection. Bill McNaught, originally from Oregon, is director of the museum, and he and the map curator had laid out for us some of their most precious maps:

- a wood-cut map by Durer's master, Schedel, in 1493, which is probably the last significant map not even to suggest that the Americas existed.
- a 1532 map by Hans Holbein the Younger which had a very slender depiction of North America but was the first map to show the rotation of the globe on its axis.
- the 1540 *Münster Novis Orbis*, in color, the first map to depict America as a distinct land mass; its also shows Japan, and contains images of cannibals in the wilds of America.

See <http://www.americanmuseum.org/>

After the maps, Bill McNaught gave us a walk-through of Claverton Manor (1820). Several noted the plaque outside the entrance stat-

ing that here, on July 26, 1897, Winston Churchill gave his first political speech. We all enjoyed this collection of Americana in the heart of England, and we capped off the visit with appetizers and drinks on the top floor, Bill's apartment, with its breathtaking views of the countryside. One could feel the envy in the room as

we sipped, nibbled, conversed, and gazed. Then it was back on the bus and a descent into Bath for lunch at the opulent Bath Spa Hotel, a Greek Revival Style building completed in 1836 and elegantly restored in 1990. We all felt privileged to enjoy the lunch of roast rib eye of Scottish beef, with Yorkshire pudding and chateau



*John Ribble, Kay Schill, Marsha Eatherton, Anne Ribble*

potatoes, and desert of summer berry pavlova with raspberry coulis. After the leisurely meal the ladies discovered that their restroom had been named the “loo of the year” for 2001. Several then recalled that the restroom at Chatsworth had been named “loo of the year” for 1991. I don’t know that any of us were even aware of such a competition, but we supposed it indicated we were traveling in the best circles.

Then to the bus again, and Jinny directed the willing Andrew to give us a quick bus tour of the Bath highlights, working our way past the Landsdown Crescent (designed and built, 1789–93, by John Palmer), a concave arc of townhouses where Jinny once lived in the same houses, Nos. 19 and 20, in which William Beckford—novelist, musician, eccentric—had earlier lived. Beckford (1760–1844) had inherited a great fortune based on sugar and slaves; he was a prolific collector and after his former fantastical home, Fonthill Abbey with its octagonal cathedral tower 300 feet high, collapsed, he moved to Bath. He had a path cleared up the hill in the back of his townhouses in the Landsdown Crescent, and there at the top he completed in 1827 a 120-foot tall neo-classical tower (designed by H.E. Goodridge). Jessica Verdon-Smith, director of the Beckford Tower Trust, met us there, gave us an engaging history of the tower and its renovation, and then those

of us who wished climbed the 154 surprisingly easy steps to the top for wonderful views of Bath, an English Civil War memorial, and, off in the distance, Wales. The base of the tower had a small museum of Beckford’s paintings, prints, furniture, and other memorabilia. All in all, this was a rather idiosyncratic stop, a monument to a wealthy eccentric.

See <http://www.bath-preservation-trust.org.uk/museums/beckford/>

The university town of Oxford is only about thirty-five miles south-southeast of Stratford, and Monday morning, June 24, we left the Alveston Manor for a visit to the Sackler Library, a visually stunning neo-classical library designed by Robert Adam (not to be confused with the eighteenth-century architect of the same name) and opened in 2001. Made possible through the generosity of the Dr. Mortimer and Theresa Sackler Foundation, this five-story building is shoe-horned in the middle of a block adjacent to the famous Ashmolean Museum.

We visited two sections, the Wind Room and the Griffith Library. The Wind Room, honoring Oxford’s first professor of the history of art, Edward Wind, has a strong collection of “visual images”: books, photographs, even pop art and iconography. Mrs. Diane Bergman showed us parts of the collection, including *The Natural History of Oxfordshire* (London, 1677) and Cartari’s *Le immagini de i dei de gli antichi*



*Chuck Henry and Lew Eatherton*

(Venice, 1571), although it is fair to say that we admired the library building as much as its holdings, and here too, as at Bill McNaught's apartment, one could detect the sense of envy among us. Next we went to the Griffith Library, named after Oxford's famous pioneer in Egyptology, Professor Frank Griffith. This library is the finest Egyptology collection in existence, but it primarily contains images (not originals) of the material. For example, Egyptian tombs were often covered in a kind of cursive writing (simpler than hieroglyphics) called hieratic, and copies of these are at the Griffith. These have all been digitized and are accessible via computer terminal. Here we saw exhibited the scholarly advantages of linking the newest technology to the oldest forms of writing.

We found our bus again with a minimum of confusion, and Andrew whisked us away to Stow-on-the-Wold (about twenty miles) for lunch at the atmospheric Grapevine Restaurant. Stow-on-the-Wold (the name means "meeting place on the uplands") is one of the most comely towns of the Cotswolds, and here the group staged a minor mutiny. Many felt that they had not had enough free time to shop, and with money burning our pockets—as our parents used to say—the group asked Jinny to forego our quick departure to visit Ann Hathaway's Cottage and Trinity Church (Shakespeare's tomb) and allow an additional hour and a half for roaming the streets and visiting the shops of this handsome town. Then it was on the bus again back to Stratford-on-Avon, where after a brief rest Andrew ferried us to the Shakespeare Centre in the heart of the town. There Dr. Susan Brock, head of the library, and Marion Pringle, head of special collections, showed us some of their bibliographic treasures.

- A Shakespeare "first folio": *Mr William Shakespeare's comedies, histories & tragedies, published according to the true original copies* (London, 1623).
- Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland* (1587), one of Shakespeare's major source books for his history plays.
- Edmund Spenser's *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1611), a poem originally published in 1579

by a Shakespeare contemporary.

- George Tuberville's *The noble art of venerie, or hunting* (1611), a second edition of a popular book on deer hunting, with woodcuts showing all aspects of the chase, including the layout of kennels and how to train the dogs to bark in appropriate tones.

In addition the library has a major collection of theatrical materials—including photographs, sketches, and swatches of cloth—illustrating every phase of play production from stage directions to costume design, with special attention to Royal Shakespeare Company productions.

After inspecting these volumes and materials, we went to the exceptionally well done museum of the Shakespeare Center where their chief guide, Jon Colton, gave us a fascinating tour both of the museum and of Shakespeare's birthplace, which has been recently updated and corrected, with many of the walls now covered with bright, almost garish wall hangings that depicted painted-on designs and scenes. These relatively inexpensive hangings, called "antiques," were not like the exquisite tapestries we saw at Chatworth, Mr. Colton explained. The Elizabethans, he said, loved color and were almost "show-offy" in their tastes. Colton proved to be amazingly knowledgeable—Jinny later referred to him as "that young man who knows everything about Elizabethan England." Then we reentered the museum building for a sumptuous buffet supper, featuring Coronation Chicken, which did taste regal. After the afternoon's introduction to Shakespeare's world, we were bused a few blocks to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre for a marvelous production of "Much Ado About Nothing," presented in a 1920s–30s setting by the unparalleled Royal Shakespeare Company. We had an extra ticket, so Jinny invited Andrew to attend too. We all had a great time: what an enchanting midsummer night's evening this had been in merry olde Stratford-on-Avon.

See <http://www.rsc.org.uk/> and <http://www.theatrelibrary.org/sibmas/idpac/europe/uks019.html>

That night we packed up again, ready at 9:30 the next morning to be transported to our

London hotel via Hughenden Manor, the home of Benjamin Disraeli and his beloved wife Mary Anne, about half way between Oxford and the center of London. Disraeli purchased the preexisting house in 1848, remodeled (Gothicized) it, Mary Anne developed the gardens, and it served as his special retreat the rest of their lives (she predeceased him in 1872; he lived until 1881 and is buried at Hughenden). The home is much smaller than such mansion houses as Chatsworth and Boughton and seems much more intimate, more livable as a result. Many mementos of the Disraelis are in the home, and their devotion for one another—a welcome sentiment after the many tales on infidelity and scandal we had encountered in countless noble families, with Lord Byron undoubtedly being the most disolute of all—is plainly evident, including a marble copy of Mary Anne's foot on Disraeli's desk. Disraeli had unequalled skill at flattering Queen Victoria, supposedly even cutting short the legs of one of the dining room chairs so the diminutive queen's feet would touch the floor. Ms Ros Lee, house manager of Hughenden Manor (who actually lives in the house), gave us an exemplary tour.

See <http://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/scripts>

After this almost surprisingly pleasant interlude we motored on in to London, with Andrew and Jinny navigating straight to the elegant Harrington Hall Hotel just south of Kensington Gardens. After a quick check-in and a graciously served group lunch, and joined at last by librarian Chuck Henry (delayed due to lost luggage), we headed for the bus again for a trip to the Royal Institute of British Architects (RIBA) Library at Portman Square.

Before 1831 anyone could call himself an architect, but legislation that year made it a legally protected occupation requiring some training and a license. In 1834 a dozen London architects organized the RIBA both to improve

architectural education and raise the state of public taste about architecture. They began a collection of architectural books, drawings, and models, RIBA curator Charles Hine explained, and now the collection consists of some 600,000 drawings, 700,000 photographs, and 800,000 manuscripts, and an incredible hodgepodge of artifacts—an electrical erasure once owned by Sigmund Freud's architect son, a piece of the casket of Sir Christopher Wren, part of the capital of a column from the Pantheon, fireproof bricks designed by Sir John Soane for the Bank of England. Mr. Hind showed us a large number

**The collection consists of some 600,000 drawings, 700,000 photographs, and 800,000 manuscripts, and an incredible hodgepodge of artifacts.**

of drawings by imminent architects, including ones by Inigo Jones (1573–1652), truly the first British architect, and Andrea Palladio (1508–80), the great Italian architect. We saw models of buildings built and only proposed, drafting instruments, indeed the whole world of architecture was displayed in seeming disarray as the collection is being prepared to move to the Victorian & Albert Museum. Before we got back on the bus Jinny had us “nip” into the next-door building (currently an exclusive men's club) to see the grand Palladian staircase designed by Robert Adam (1728–92).

See <http://www.architecture.com/go/Architecture/Home.html>

After our return to the hotel, dinner was on our own, and members of the group spread across this grand city to partake of its culinary delights—no longer, it might be added, an oxymoron, although few if any of the best restaurants serve traditional British cuisine.

I don't think any of us really knew what was in store the next morning when we set out for the Bridgeman Art Library, where Viscountess Bridgeman herself was slated to be our host and guide, and where we were joined by fellow-Rice-travelers Julie and Logan Browning. Lady Bridgeman had begun the operation in 1971 out of frustration at trying to get permission to

reproduce works of art. At present the library, really a kind of image clearinghouse, holds more than 750,000 high-quality images of arts, from famous works to popular prints. They have transparencies of each, and the whole is catalogued in an immensely sophisticated database that allows searches by type, location, artist, topic, chronology, etc. Now illustrators, advertisers, book and magazine publishers, and scholars around the world can search on the Web—or have them search—for just the image they need, and the

Bridgeman Art Library can then provide, for a fee, high resolution copies for print reproduction. With offices in London, New York, Paris, and licenses to reproduce images from most of the world's great museums, the Bridgeman Art Library lives up to its logo, "the cream of the world's art in one central location."

It has proved a boon both to researchers and publishers and to the owners of the original art, who receive a portion of the reproduction fee that the library charges. Our entire group was fascinated by the images we could, as it were, conjure up on the computer screens; here was another excellent example of modern technology—computers, image scanning, and photography—in the service of scholarship and publication.

See <http://www.bridgeman.co.uk/>

Shortly after 11:30 Andrew brought us to the Houses of Parliament, where we entered via the Peers entrance and were met in the Peers Lobby by Viscount Bridgeman. Lord Bridgeman, Jinny's cousin, proceeded to give us a remark-

able tour of the House of Lords, explaining the ritual and routine of both state occasions and everyday business. (Along the way Lord Bridgeman introduced us to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod as visitors from Texas, at which that august fellow quipped "You can't blame them for that.") Most of the original house of government had burned in 1834, so the great structure we now see (designed by Sir Charles Barry and A. W. Pugin) is an artifact of

the mid-nineteenth century, but still the grandeur and opulence of the building—much less the aura of great things said and done within its walls—almost overcomes the visitor. We saw the stunning House of Lords, the even more sumptuous Royal Gallery, then the fanciest room of all, the Queen's Robing Room, where she prepares for the royal processional that represents the State Opening of Parliament each year. We saw most of the Houses of Parliament, including the expansive Westminster Hall, built 1097–99, that escaped the 1834 fire, and the normally-closed-to-the-public Chapel of St.

Mary Undercroft, begun in 1292 but rebuilt after the fire. We could not go into the House of Commons because it was in session. Still, this was a memorable visit to a building that, like Westminster Abbey, is so grand and filled with such historical associations that it leaves one almost speechless.

After this epiphanic experience we bused to the modernistic Avenue Restaurant for lunch shared with Lord and Lady Bridgeman. The ar-



*Julie and Logan Browning*



*Jazz by Henri Matisse*



*Kay Schill and John Brice*

chitectural and artistic contrast between the House of Lords and The Avenue Restaurant could not have been more stark, but we all had old-fashioned appetites and ate heartily. Then it was off, walking by some of London's most famous sites, to the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, to see "Royal Treasures, A Golden Jubilee Celebration," an exhibition honoring Queen Elizabeth II's 50-year reign with a selection from the extensive royal art collections. The new Queen's Gallery had just reopened in May 2002, and somehow Jinny was able to get us admission tickets. And what an exhibition it was! Stunning paintings by Rembrandt and

Hans Holbein the Younger, a number of drawings by Leonardo Da Vinci, a triptych altarpiece painted by Duccio (fl.1278–before 1319); spectacular furniture, clocks, porcelains; an eye-popping display of Royal jewelry; and a copy of *The Mainz Psalter* (1457), the second book printed by movable type and the first printed simultaneously in red and black. Another blockbuster afternoon planned by Jinny for those she affectionately called her "bookies."

See <http://www.royal.gov.uk/output/Page1208.asp>

For our penultimate evening in London we again had dinner independently, and little groups of visitors from Texas fanned out across the city. But we were all up and ready Thursday morning, our last official tour day, for a visit to the National Art Library at the Victoria & Albert Museum. Of course the V&A is the world's greatest collection of decorative arts, spread throughout 150 rooms with 12 acres of floor space, but we were met by John Meriton, Deputy Keeper of the National Art Library, and escorted past the inviting galleries right to library, which was founded in 1837 and moved to the V&A in 1879. It has three primary functions: a responsibility to collect examples of art that relate to the history and design of the book, a research library for scholars, and the reference collection for the

art curators. It also contains the museum's archives. Growing at the rate of about 15,000 items annually, it has reference holdings of more than a million volumes, including a major Shakespeare collection and the manuscripts and first editions of many Dickens novels. For this our final library visit the rare book curator, Kate Swann, had on the table for our inspection such items as:

- a first edition of Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), with Swift's corrections and revisions inked in.
- Henri Matisse's *Jazz* (1947), with beautiful



contemporary bindings and brilliantly colorful pages.

- Robertius Ewart's *Dissertatio medica inauguralis, de scrofula* (1749).
- a manuscript volume, 1622, entitled "Medulla Parliaments Conteyninge all the Bills, Acts, and other materiall passaged whatsoever recorded in Parliament [from?] the raigne of King Henry the Second untill the first yeare of King Richard the Third."

See <http://www.nal.vam.ac.uk/>

Our tour concluded with those volumes, and we all rendezvoused in the main lobby (with its adjacent gift shop). Some of us remained to visit the V&A art collections and its special tiara exhibition, others departed for other locations in London, while still others returned to the hotel at least for a while. This was our last official afternoon in London, and our first substantial block of free time. So while some set out for the British Museum, or the Tate Modern, or the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, all employed their own ingenuity to get in a bit more of sightseeing. Somehow we all managed to get back to the hotel by 6:00 or so, freshen up, and after a short interlude for cocktails were bused to Launceston Place for the traditional farewell dinner. Once again Jinny had found the perfect spot, and in the privacy of our room we feasted on chilled tomato and fennel soup, escalopes of veal with pancetta and sage, sweetened at the end by two brulées with shortbread biscuits. The atmosphere was festive, with several toasts, statements of appreciation, and a perfect limerick by Dr. Ribble:

The bookies have traveled anew  
With Jinny critiquing Who's Who  
In comfort and style  
For many a mile  
Eight ladies, three gents, three  
Johns and a Lew.

The houses, gardens, artworks, and books we had seen; the good company; the illuminating comments by Jinny—it had been an exhila-

rating experience long to be treasured by everyone present. Early the next morning, June 28, six of us boarded Continental flights to return to Houston, but the luckier ones either stayed a while longer in London or journeyed to other destinations in Europe. Yet though we all soon returned to our workaday worlds, our memories will keep this bibliographic pilgrimage vividly alive.



Chuck Henry refers to his notes at dinner on the last night of the tour.



Lady Jane Howard and Bill Pannill

# Bookmark

## *Look Away! A History of the Confederate States of America.*

By William C. Davis.

(The Free Press, c. 2002.)

REVIEW BY LYNDA CRIST, EDITOR  
JEFFERSON DAVIS PAPERS

For all the ink spilled about the Civil War, there are few histories of the Confederacy and even fewer in print. One of the latter and still valuable is former Rice professor Frank E. Vandiver's *Their Tattered Flags*, first published in 1970 and available in paper from Texas A&M University Press.

Appreciating the multitude of articles and books with new themes and novel approaches, all of which broaden the outlook, enrich understanding, and fire the imagination, there is still need for a balanced chronicle of the South in those four bloody years. William C. Davis, an extraordinarily productive writer and keen scholar of the era, who directs the Virginia Center for Civil War Studies at Virginia Tech, provides a rich and lively story of the Confederate States of America—believe it or not—with-out much in the way of military or naval activity.

He intersperses his topical chapters with five short narratives that carry the battle action forward, from "The Opening Guns" to "An End to Valor." The chapters themselves describe key is-

ssues such as conscription and exemptions, finances and impressment, guerrillas, spies, the privation of soldiers and those at home, slavery, disaffection, law and order, salt, and cotton, but much of the text is devoted to state rights, constitutionalism, and politics. The author's previous Civil War studies include biography, regimental and battle histories, images, edited memoirs and diaries, and excellent books on the beginnings of the Confederacy and its final days.

With this overview, he covers a lot of ground. As



William C. Davis

always, he limns the players brilliantly, providing tiny sketches that bring them to life and make them memorable. Examples: the "well-meaning but largely ineffectual" James A. Seddon, secretary of war (p. 349); the "viscerally incompatible" Georgian Robert Toombs, himself a candidate for Confederate president (p. 368); Charleston *Mercury* editor Rob-

ert Barnwell Rhett, always seeking a scapegoat for failures and losses, "could make Jefferson Davis responsible for anything" (p. 98); Virginia senator R. M. T. Hunter, "a weak sister, happy to carp and preen behind Davis's back but never willing to challenge him frontally" (p. 412).

Of these four, Toombs and Rhett were anti-Davis from the outset. Yet, as the war progressed, administration foes were never able to capitalize on their causes for discontent and never coalesced as an effective party to promote substantive changes.

Why not? According to the author, the answer lay in antebellum conditions that bred "a disinclination, if not an outright inability to suppress themselves in the greater interest of their country . . . they simply could not accept being lesser mortals on a grander stage" (p. 396).

Furthermore, "they seemed too impractical, doctrinaire, and zany" to merit public support (p. 387). The object of their attacks, weighted with his own defects of character and ability, was "much the better and wiser statesman than a Rhett or Toombs, and more practical than Little Aleck [Stephens, the vice-president] or [Louis T.] Wigfall [Texas senator before and during the war]. On top of that, he was simply more mature than most of them" (p. 395).

It seems he was more mature and capable than most of the

generals in the field as well, Lee excepted. Rather sooner than later, Jefferson Davis unhappily realized that despite having been given several chances to succeed at high command, Joseph E. Johnston "had no stomach to risk a battle, and Beauregard could not subordinate his ego to the cause" (p. 385). Among presidential favorites, the contentious Braxton Bragg and the incompetent Leonidas Polk and T. H. Holmes were unsuccessful as army commanders. Favored above all, Albert Sidney Johnston died at Shiloh (1862) before he had a chance to prove himself.

The Confederacy foundered, author Davis opines, because the wartime need to provide the essentials for life and to improvise and innovate on every front ran into the administration's inexorable ideals and "foolish consistency" (p. 383). A hide-bound constitutionalism, concern for image, and adherence to sacred rules of hierarchy and military order doomed the Confederacy's only president and his coterie, despite some real chances to win the war on the battlefield—at least before 1863.

Davis' annotation is heavy on primary sources, among them scores of individual letters and memoirs, some of which are in private hands and dealer's catalogs. He also relies on any number of colorful opinion pieces from small-town newspapers, often phrasing his arguments in distinctly nineteenth-century tones. *Look Away!* is a compelling and beautifully written tale, and, in Jack Davis's expert hands, fresh and thought-provoking.

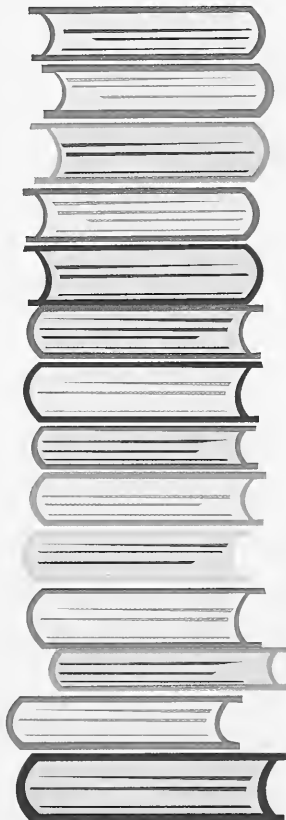
## 2002 BOOK DRIVE

BY ALAN H. BATH

Despite less-than-clement weather, the Friends 2002 fall book drive was a resounding success. Throughout the day, Saturday, September 2nd, friends of Friends made their way to Star Motor Cars with a wide variety of excellent offerings for next year's book sale. Friends' members toted, sorted, and boxed the donations, readying them for storage until the Friends of Fondren Book Sale weekend, 24 thru 26 October 2003. Once again the event will be held in the Grand Hall, Rice Memorial Center, at Rice.

Although we have a great start toward the books required for a successful sale, we need more! Please bring those books you really hate to part with - hard or soft cover - to Star Motor Cars, 7000 Katy Road, or you can deliver small quantities to the Friends office on the first floor of the Fondren Library on campus. We are pleased to accept new and used books in good condition. Unfortunately, we are unable to sell technical books, textbooks, magazines, outdated travel guides, almanacs, encyclopedias, and any materials that have been damaged by water, insects or other pests.

The Friends are indebted to Lee and Glenn Seureau, owners of Star Motor Cars for providing storage space and the personnel to move books. We couldn't do it without them!



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*June 1, 2002 – September 30, 2002*

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*June 1, 2002 – September 30, 2002*

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# Looking Ahead

*Mark your calendars now for upcoming Friends of Fondren Library events.*

**Saturday, April 26, 2003**

The Friends will host the twenty-third annual gala and auction to be held at The Warwick at 7:00 p.m. Honorees are Raymond and Susan Brochstein.

**Tuesday, May 20, 2003**

The Friends will hold its Annual Meeting at Cohen House. Speaker to be announced.

**Friday, Saturday, Sunday, October 24-26, 2003**

The Book Sale will be held in the Grand Hall, Rice Memorial Center.



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